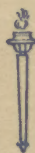
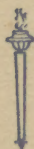
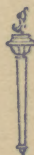
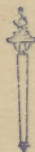
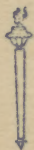
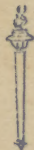
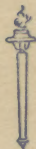
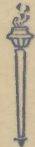
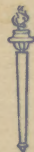


THE
PINKERTON
CRITIC
PINKERTON ACADEMY

JUNE 1918
COMMENCEMENT ISSUE



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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. X.

DERRY, N. H., JUNE, 1918

NO. 5

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DERRY, N. H., 1918.

We wish to announce that the Junior Class has taken over the editing of the CRITIC, to relieve the Seniors of so much work during their last term. The present board will continue as editors of the CRITIC until the Spring term of 1919.

EDITORIAL

The last term of school is nearly over and we must say good-by to the Seniors. It is hard to realize that they are really leaving Pinkerton, and everyone will miss their good comrade ship, nevertheless this last term has been a happy one for all and although in the future each and every Senior may be far from Pinkerton Academy they will always remember the good times they had here.

How many Seniors have thought of going to college? It seems as if

each boy and girl now a days should try to obtain the best possible education, for now, as never before, is the United States in need of men and women with high ideals, clear heads, and a good education.

Every student at Pinkerton Academy very much enjoyed the talk given by Mr. Davies of Londonderry on June 4. Although it is a great temptation for the boys to leave school for the country's service, they cannot help seeing that their first duty lies in doing as well as possible, what is put before them, and in making the most of all their opportunities.

Class Officers

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Sec. and Treas.,	Carolyn Sefton



Material for baseball looked anything but promising at the first of the season this year. After a few weeks of hard practice coach Dyke had his team pretty well under way, but it took the students some time to find out that he had a good team. The first game was with Dummer Academy, and although our boys

played hard they were forced to forfeit it in the eleventh inning with a score of 6 to 1.

Our next game was with Methuen High, whom we defeated with a score of 10 to 9.

We were defeated by Nashua 13 to 4, but made up for it by winning the next two games. One with Johnson

High (9 to 6) and the other with Stearns school with a score of 10 to 8.

The boys then tackled Punchard, whom they found a hard customer, and were forced to lose 14 to 4.

Losing a game now and then did not seem to make them down hearted but they went at it still harder. In this way they trimmed St. Joseph 7 to 5. Then they met Allen School and although they played the game were forced to lose 4 to 3.

A while later Punchard came to Derry and the tables were turned on them and Pinkerton piled up a score of 10 to 8 on them, beating them at every point of the game. Pembroke was the boys next victim and they easily beat them 8 to 6.

The Basket Ball, Tennis, Baseball, and Track teams all deserve hearty commendation, and the support of the whole school, for the enthusiasm with which they have worked during the last month.

SCHEDULE

Dummer 6

Pinkerton 1

Methuen 9	Pinkerton 10
Nashua 13	Pinkerton 4
Johnson 6	Pinkerton 9
Stearns 8	Pinkerton 10
Punchard 14	Pinkerton 4
St. Joseph 5	Pinkerton 7
Allen School 4	Pinkerton 3
Punchard (at Derry) 8	Pinkerton 10
Pembroke 6	Pinkerton 8

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE (1917).

Pinkerton	28
Manchester B. A.A.	0
Pinkerton	7
Punchard	13
Pinkerton	33
Johnson	0
Pinkerton	27
Methuen	0
Pinkerton	38
Amesbury	0
Pinkerton	27
Allen School	6
Pinkerton	81
Sanborn	0

By D. S. '19.

Soldiers

Far from the scenes of strife

Away from the mad guns roar

Toils another soldier

In the quartermaster's corps.

Not for him is the glory

Of laurels newly won

Nor the thrill that goes with victory

When conquered is the Hun.

For him no, no man's land is seen

Nor shrapnel bursting over head,

No bullets, nor no gases keen,

No comrades lying around him
dead.

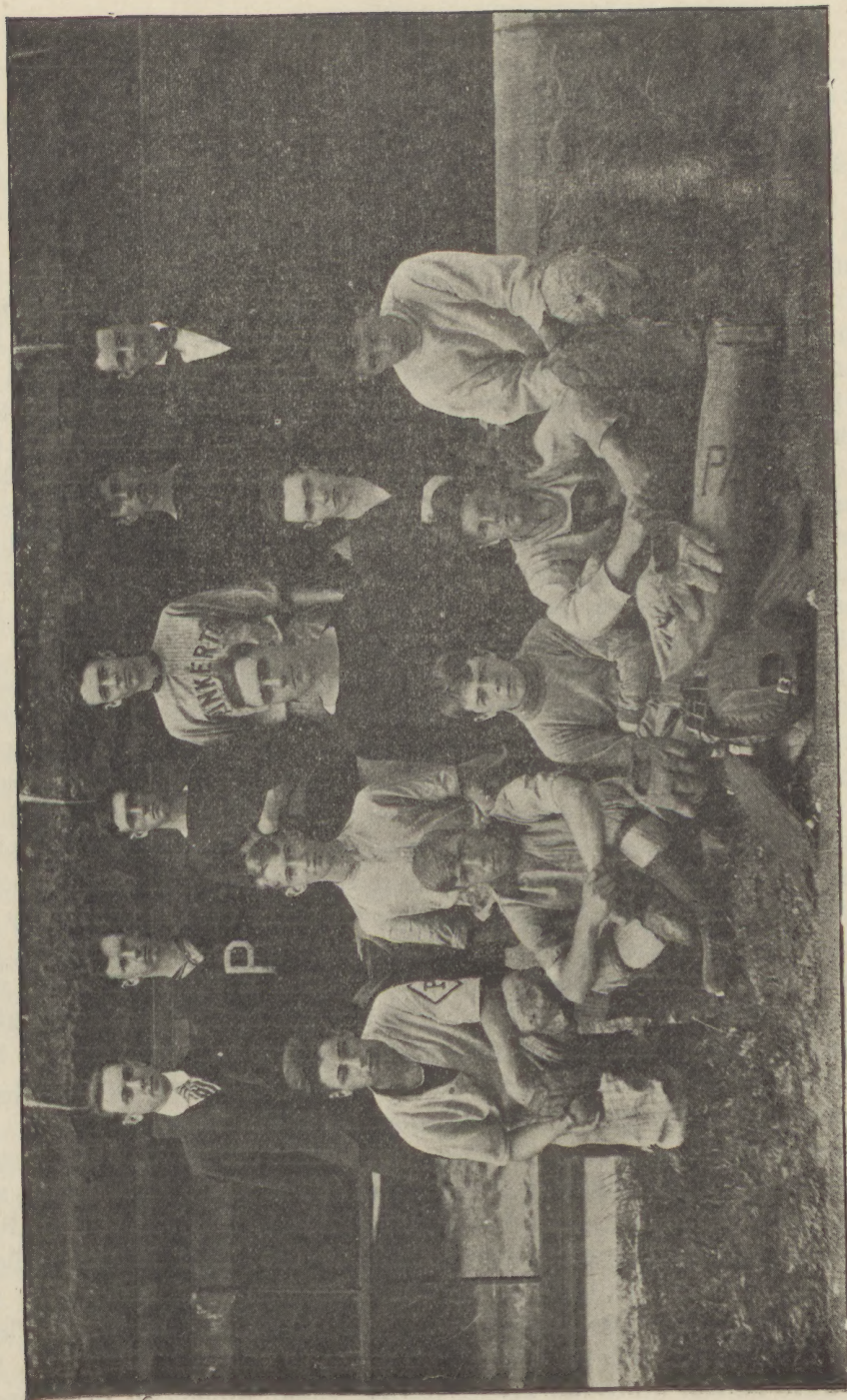
I wonder when its over,

Our country at peace once more

How much of credit will be due

The quartermaster's Corps.

C. M. '19



Pinkerton Base Ball Team.

The Elmerican Spirit

Dick Morris at the age of twenty-six was one of the most popular and admired young men in his home town, and was beloved by all who knew him. In the home he was most affectionate and the pride of his father and mother. He had one sister, Marjorie, a lively girl of nineteen, who, like her brother, was most popular with the young people, and who, since she had finished school, had been at home to help her mother, a sweet, gentle-faced lady, who, as Mr. Morris expressed it, was a millionaire in ambition but a pauper in strength. From babyhood Marjorie had idolized her big brother and her adoration for the handsome, jolly young man had grown with the years.

When with the first call for volunteers, Dick decided to give himself to the service of his country, there was sorrow in the home and Marjorie was inconsolable. His father and mother said not a word to detain but she begged him not to go, sobbing, "Oh! Dick, they won't need you! Oh why should my brother have to go!" Long and earnestly Dick talked with her, explaining why he felt it his duty to enlist, that his country—and the world called him and he must answer.

His words seemed to have but little effect and after he had left for camp Marjorie gave herself up to her grief and became so sad and gloomy that

even her dearest friends avoided her.

During the next few months frequent letters were received from the camp where Dick was stationed, and cheery ones they were, telling only of the pleasant side of soldier life, and containing never a word of complaint. These letters strengthened the father and mother, and they went bravely about their daily tasks, doing all in their power to back their own boy and the millions of other young men in the great struggle for world democracy. But Marjorie, instead of doing her bit heroically, avoided the opportunities she might have had to help, saying to her mother, "Dicky's gone and I simply can't think of anything else."

Then Dick came home—home for those last few days before he sailed "over there." Again he tried to impress his sister with the necessity for bravery at home, but although she did brighten a little while he was with her, she broke down again after his short leave was over, and he had left—still brave and unafraid—to embark for France.

Soon came the news of Dick's safe arrival "somewhere in France," and a long letter to Marjorie telling all he could of the little French village where he was stationed. "We are all right to work," he wrote, "and we mean to end this thing just. I'm having some wonderful experiences which I can't tell about now, but

when I come back, believe me! I'll have some stories to tell."

"Oh, but mother," sobbed Marjorie as she read this, "What if he never comes back?"

After news arrived that Dick was really under fire the little family daily scanned the casualty list, fearing but praying. Two months passed thus and Dick was still safe. But one sad day came a telegram from Washington reading: "We regret to inform you that your son, Private Richard Morris, has been severely wounded in action, etc."

The days passed with agonizing slowness for the little family, praying for and yet dreading tidings of the wounded lad in far-away France. There was no open grieving, not even on Marjorie's part, only that awful tense quiet, more terrible than the wildest sorrow.

And then came the long-awaited letter from over-seas, addressed in a strange hand to Marjorie. In the quiet of her own room she tremblingly opened it, scarcely daring to read.

"Little sister," it began, "Nurse is writing this for me so it can't be long, but I want to let you home-folks know that I'm still alive. Alive and coming home soon. But, Marjorie, I won't be the same brother you have known. My right arm's gone and—and my eyes. The sight of my right one is entirely gone and I can see only dimly with the other. It seems hard, I know, but when I see

what some of the people over here are sacrificing, an eye and an arm seems only "the widow's mite." Don't grieve—it's all for our country; and above all, little sister, be brave, for mother's and father's sake.

Your soldier brother,

DICK.

Dry-eyed in her terrible grief Marjorie picked up a snapshot of Dick, taken just before he left for France, which always stood on her table, and in a half stunned manner gazed at it long and earnestly. And as she looked the handsome figure in khaki seemed to be repeating the words of the letter, "Be brave, little sister, be brave!"

Suddenly there welled up within her a feeling she had never known before, mingled with remorse so deep that in a burst of sobs she cried, "Oh! Dicky, Dicky, how could I! How could I have been so selfish, so cowardly! I will be brave. I will try to make up for the past now and be a real American like you and the others."

At last the awakening had come to Marjorie and the way in which she broke the news of Dick's letter to her father and mother told them as no words could have done that she had again become the light and comfort of the home. Not that she had thrown aside her grief, by any means but she kept her open sorrow for the silence of the night when others should not be saddened by her outbursts.

She no longer shut herself away from her friends, and again became a leader among them. She organized the younger girls of her acquaintance as well as those of her own age not already interested in the work, into an active body of Red Cross workers.

A month and a half passed and one day in June the little family went to the station to meet their home-coming soldier boy. They had kept the time of his arrival secret, in order that the first sight of him might be for their eyes alone.

The train drew in, and down the steps came Dick, his left arm outstretched and his scarred face beaming. He was seized by three pairs of loving arms and quickly borne to the waiting auto which swiftly sped away to the little home they all loved so well. There was no trace of sadness over his loss, only joy at his return, and the tears, which he had been secretly dreading, were absent.

In the evening several of Dick's friends came to welcome and every-

where this same spirit of cheerfulness prevailed. After everyone had left, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris had gone upstairs, Dick and Marjorie still sat side by side on the veranda in the cool stillness of the night.

"Marjorie," her brother broke the quiet, "I am proud of you. I was afraid—well I was afraid that you would break down when you heard what had happened and would make it hard for father and mother. I knew just how badly you felt—no matter how bright and cheerful you may be I shall know that it isn't because you don't care. But, Marjorie, you have done the brave thing—you have been cheerful in time of trial, thank God, it is the way thousands, yes millions of American women are bearing and are going to bear their sorrow, and it is because they have this wonderful spirit behind them that our men, God helping them, are soon to bring victory to our beloved country and peace to the whole world."

L. E. S. '19.

With Many Apologies to Poets

I sat me down with blank and pen,
To write my teacher dear a theme,
And tho' I've sat for near an hour,
No writings on my paper beam.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
And the toughest proposition,
Is when my teacher warbles sweet,
"My dears. a composition!"
My mother once suggested
I write about a walk,

But I gazed on her in horror,
And sighed, "Nothing of the sort!
I've written themes on walks so
much
For that poor man to see,
He'll soon have night mares on the
things,
And a raving maniac be!"
I've puzzled over themes so long,
I feel quite sad and weary,



Faculty

And so I've made a little wish,
Most earnestly and teary,
That when my teacher goes to
Heaven,

For his sins—few—far between,
I hope he'll have to write about
A hundred thousand themes!

J. W. '19.

Submarine Warfare

When America declared war on Germany great rejoicing swept over our allies. They looked for Uncle Sam to pay billions of dollars and to flood the European countries with our young men.

Then also American genius was wanted similar to that which was used in the wonderful invention of the submarine.

The submarine's greatest advantage lies in the fact of its being so inconspicuous. When this object is running on the surface it is entirely out of sight, while the ship that it is pursuing towers high above the waters. They also pour forth a great cloud of black smoke which gives the U boat a cue that there are ships around. The commander of the submarine is able to see the smudge

above the horizon when the boat that produces it is perhaps 40 miles at least, down behind the curve of the earth. The U-boat may easily chase this smoke at top speed without the slightest fear of being seen. Presently the masts of the vessel can be seen plainly, and then even the smoke stack, while the submarine itself is entirely out of sight. In this way the U-boat commander will have plenty of time to size up the speed and general direction of the ship's course and make his plans to intercept the vessel, before the captain of that boat has the least inkling that there is a submarine about. The submarine which was wholly American genius, is being extensively used, not only by our allies, but also by our enemies.

C. M. '19.

Hard Luck

William Williams hated nicknames. He used to say that most fine given names were ruined by abbreviations, which was a sin and a shame. "I myself," he said "am one of six brothers. We were all given good, old fashioned Christian names, but all those names were shortened into

meaningless feeble names by our friends. I shall name my children so that it will be impracticable to curtail their names.

The Williams family in the course of time, was blessed with five children, all boys. The eldest was named after the father—William. Of course,

that would be shortened to "Will" or enfeebled to "Willie"—but wait! A second son came and was christened Willard, "Aha!" laughed Mr. Williams, "Now everybody will have to speak the full names of each of these boys in order to distinguish

them."

In pursuance of this scheme the next three sons were named Wilbert, Wilfred and Wilmont.

They are all big boys now, and they are respectively known to their intimates as Bill, Skinny, Butch, Chuck and Kid. W. R. '19

D. A. Aden in Army



Ninety-four sons of Pinkerton Academy are now engaged in this great struggle for democracy; ninety-four who have willingly given their all, that we, and the coming generation may enjoy the privileges and the protection of a free country; just a handful who, like many others, have given up home, education and cherished ambition to help win the greatest war this world has ever known.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low 'thou must'
The youth replies, "I can."

—Emerson.

Those two familiar lines—
"Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die."
seem to impress upon us that they too, will fight to the finish, as did the brave ones to whom those lines were dedicated.

Perhaps many will never return, but their memories will always live.

And may He, who watches over the very least of us, watch over them,

wherever their duty may call them, on land or sea, and send them safely home at last when this great war for democracy shall have been won.

L. B. '19.

ARMY

Howard Abbott '08
 James Abbott '14
 Clarence Alexander '13
 Richard Alley 1st Lt.
 Paul Barndollar '09
 Fred Bartlett '07
 Robert Bartlett '12
 Leslie Bell '16, 2nd Lt.
 Arthur Bergeron '19 Cor.
 Ernest Berry '15
 Clifton Bloomfield '16
 Harold Bloomfield, '14, 1st Lt.
 William Bond '16
 Vincent Cassidy '16
 Howard Chadwick '14
 Earnest Chamberlen, '09
 Earl W. Clark '12
 Eugene Clark '14
 John Clark '08
 Milton Crowell '13
 Elmer Davis '16
 Clinton Doherty '16
 Warren Farmer '14
 Harvey Feinauer '15
 Harold Goldsmith '14
 Roy Graham '11, Capt.
 Harold Grant '15, Sergt.
 Paul Greeley '17
 Charles Guy '15
 Ralph Hall '14
 Brent Haslam '11
 Cummings Haslam '12
 Lloyd H. Hearn '14
 Carl Hillman '06
 Alfred Hollingshead '11
 Allan Kennedy '16

Chester Landers '15, Cor.
 Donald Learnard '12
 Harold I. Long, Inst.
 Howard Lupein '18
 Arthur Lynch '16
 James Madden '15
 James McQuesten '14
 James Miltimore '06
 John Miltimore '11
 Ralph Miltimore '14
 Edward Minkler '18
 Ivan Morrison '07
 Bernard O'Connor '13
 James O'Hara '15
 Fred Ordway '13, 2nd Lt.
 Frederick S. Page '09
 Lewis Patten '88
 Alan Shepard '09 1st Lt.
 Paul Quimby '13
 Russell Rice '17
 Clifford Richardson '15
 Earle Richardson '16
 Horace Sargent '14
 Leon G. Shattuck '15
 Frederick Shepard '07, 1st Lt.
 Henry Spaulding '17
 Wilbur Stearns '14, Cor.
 Edward Stevens '00, Sergt.
 Richard Stimpson '07
 Harold Stone '13
 Walter Taylor '14, Sergt.
 Prescott Torrey '15
 Charles Underhill '07
 Harry Wark '14
 Samuel A. Wilder '16
 Arthur Young '09
 Mason Young '11, Major

NAVY

Richard Bartlett '14, Ensign
Howard Campbell '18
Harold Curtis '12
Harold Davis '17
Merrill Davis '17
Ralph Davis '08
Edgar Grateau '14
Edwin Laws '17
Wesley Low '14

Andrew Mack '14, Jr. Lt.
Walter Martin, '16, C. P. O
Arthur Morrill '19, 3c Qr.
Archibald Parsons '93 Com.
Watts Pillsbury '09
William Pillsbury '17
Henry Shepard '11, Jr. Lt.
George Smith '11
William A. Taylor '13
Herbert Tewksbury '12
John Tewksbury '13

Junior Red Cross.

The Junior Red Cross, with Miss Reed supervisor, Marie Barker president, and Alma O'Neil secretary, meets on Mondays at 3 o'clock in the Pinkerton Library.

In the fall we crocheted a lot of knitted squares together, which Mrs. Pollard sent us from the Derry Red Cross, to make an afghan. When we had finished that we knit many squares for another afghan.

After Christmas we made handkerchiefs for the soldiers. While we

worked, one of us would read aloud from a book, making the work much pleasanter.

We read "Over The Top" and "Dear Enemy" through and started "Carry On". Although there were a lot of girls who came to the first few meetings only a few continued coming. Some came to nearly every meeting and helped in the work we did for "Our Boys."

We appreciate their help and wish to thank everyone who helped us in anyway. M. H. B. '20.

P. A. Roll of Honor.

(Rank of Students')

April 2—May 10

1918

Highest Honors—All A's

Miss Clement, Gr
Miss Webster, Gr.
Miss Hall '18

Miss Goldsmith '19
Miss Reynolds '19
Miss Stockdale '19
Miss Wallis '19
Bergeron '20
Miss Mitchell '20
Miss Martin '21



Senior Class

Honors—All A's and B's

Miss Bean '18
 Miss Clark '18
 Miss Durette '18
 Miss Hazeltine '18
 Miss Raitt '18
 Miss Reid '18
 Enslin '19
 Miss Fullonton '19
 Miss McGuire '19
 Miss Martin '19
 Robie '19
 Miss Rogers '19
 Miss Worledge '19
 Miss Young, '19
 Miss Barker '20
 Miss Garland '20
 Miss Bidwell '21
 Miss Colby '21
 Miss Ellis '21
 Miss Sefton '21
 Stearns '21
 Miss Wilson '21

Honorable Mention

1 C. Rest A's and B's,

Miss Childs '18
 Miss Davison '18
 D. Stevens '18
 Low '19
 Miss Robie '19
 Miss Aiken '20
 Miss Berry '20
 Condon '20

Garland '20

Miss Chase '21

Miss Dickey '21

Eaton '21

Emerson '21

Miss Paradis '21

Miss H. Sargent '21

Mention—All C's or Better.

Avery '18

Beckley '18

Ford '18

Miss Paradise '18

B. Stearns '18

Miss Cogswell '19

Colby '19

Martin '19

Miss Swain '19

Kane '20

Miss McAdams '20

Oak '20

Miss Paquet '20

Miss Plummer '20

Miss Raitt '20

Bean '21

Colby '21

Miss Colman '21

Cross '21

Miss Davis '21

Herlihy '21

Oakes '21

Miss O'Neil '21

Rand '21

Miss E. Sargent '21

Miss Shackett '21

Class History

The noble class of nineteen eighteen entered Pinkerton Academy on September 8, 1914, five and sixty strong. We held our first class-meeting and elected Lyman Shackett class president, Charles Swett; vice president, and Emily Clark secretary and treasurer. Under the latter's skilful management we succeeded not only in paying our bills, but in having as a surplus a ponderous sum of sixty-five dollars. From a charming and efficient corps of teachers, headed by Mr. J. J. Marrinan, we chose Miss Marguerite Wood as our class adviser. From the midst of numerous possibilities we chose for our class colors the unusual combination ofblue and white.

The next fall found fifty-three of our number undaunted by the vicissitudes of the preceding year, ready to take up the struggle again and make life miserable for the new principal, Mr. H. W. Poor. From this number we chose Howard Campbell class president; Charlotte Babbit vice-president, and Louise Paradise secretary and treasurer. We again elected Miss Wood class adviser.

Having attained to our Sophomore year it was our privilege to choose class pins. Our choice was such a happy one that the next Sophomore class knew that it was impossible to surpass it. Accordingly they started a movement by which it was voted that they and all other succeeding classes should adopt the

school seal for a pin. In passing, be it said, that the class of 1920 preferred to follow the example of its sister class, 1918, and have a pin of their own, rather than adopt the pin of 1919. As sophomore's too; it was our privilege to give our first party. It was a Hallowe'en party and was a howling success.

The beginning of our Junior year found our numbers diminished to thirty with Robert Beckley as president and Natalie Haseltine vice-president and Olga Raitt secretary and treasurer. As Miss Wood had left it was necessary to choose a new class adviser and our choice fell on Mr. Smith. By this time parties to the whole school were such an old story to us that we decided to give a private party in Paradise hall. Such was our Academic ability that we were permitted to have that party the very night before examinations.

Toward the end of the winter term, Mr. Smith left us and we chose his successor, Mr. Healey, to fill his place as class adviser.

As "dignified Seniors" we find our numbers boiled down to eighteen. That is a small number we know, but the more syrup is boiled down the sweeter it is. As you may know our officers for this year are Louise Paradise president; Roy Avery vice-president; Natalie Haseltine secretary; and Lillian Reid treasurer. Our class adviser is Miss Flewelling. We have had the the usual round of

Senior parties, a corn-roast in the fall, a reception to the freshmen, and a kid party to remind us of the days when we were young.

Of those who were in our class four are married, all girls, of course. As for the Derry Shoe Shop it would have to close down if all our members who work there, left. We have swelled Uncle Sam's army and navy with three of our number. At least one of us is going to college. Six of our number are considering taking a Post Graduate Course.

We also wish to have it clearly under

stood that we were NEVER freshmen and that we are the last class in the school who never were freshmen.

We feel sure that at our graduation we shall leave a great gap in the school.

In closing this history of the class of 1918, we wish to tell Mr. Horne how glad we are to have spent at least one year in Pinkerton under his guidance. We hope his reign may be long and we know it will be prosperous.

L. R. '18.

Class Prophecy

Class of 1918.

Hotel Bradford,
June, 1928

Dear Natalie:—

Today we had our class reunion. We were all there with the exception of two. One of the absent members was you, and the other was Henry Ford. We unanimously voted to have Elwin Nutt for toast master. He was very good.

He told us why you and Henry were not there. Of course, I knew you were a missionary, to the Sunda Islands, but I was surprised to hear about Henry. He is trying to invent a perpetual motion machine, and, not being able to stand the senseless chatter of the world he has retired to the depths of an Oregon forest.

Elwin called on them all in turn, and I will try to tell you what they said adding a few words of my own

to theirs. Robert Beckley came first. He stood up and told us he had become an anti-tobacco agitator. He goes about the country lecturing, and between times he lives at the home of his wife's parents in Londonderry.

Gladys Childs came next. She stays at home, but does a great deal of entertaining. She is a real sister to the Amherst boys. Her Pinkerton admirers are replaced by two polished gentlemen of the world, and Louise Paradise told me there is quite a race between them.

Louise is the national President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. She is very thin, and she told me that she has been working very hard.

When Nutt called on Ruth Hall, I stared in astonishment. I had hoped for a very pretty romance to grow out of this reunion, but when I saw

Ruth, I knew she would have no charms for Avery. She has been teaching commercial work in Simmons, and has grown very crabbed and sour. Her straight hair was pulled back in a tight little pug and she had the general appearance of an old maid.

Roy Avery has become a minister. He is pastor of one of the large churches in New York, and draws large crowds every Sunday.

Rob Plummer's turn came next. He stood up and gave a glowing account of what he had done since he left Pinkerton. He has become a suave, oily politician of New Hampshire. His words flowed easily from his lips with the graceful ease of an orator.

When I heard Zada Davison tell what she was doing, I knew that if her basket-ball team mates were here they would appreciate the joke. She has an immense ranch out west, and is one of the best broncho busters in the country. She was considerably tanned and weather beaten, but I would have recognized her anywhere.

Donald Stevens spoke next. In a voice of thunder he told us he had an important position in a circus and invited us all to attend the next day. Lillian Reid and I went the next day to the circus and laughed till our sides ached to see Donald's important position in the show. He was a barker at one of the side shows. We could hear him calling,

"Right this way! Ten cents to

see the greatest wild man in captivity."

Lillian has become a famous lawyer. She is wanted in every important case all over the country. This was no news to me, as I had seen her arguing one of her cases. It amused me to see her calmly tatting while her opponent presented his point of view. She lost no point that he made, however.

Ben Stevens is a fisher six months in the year. He goes in for deep sea fishing, and sends his fish daily by aeroplane to Derry which is in this way continually supplied with fresh sea food. The other six months he spends in a cottage at Beaver Lake. His wife keeps it very neat and clean, and the roses climbing over the doorway give it a very pretty appearance.

Bernadette Durette has become the head of the bookkeeping department at Filenes in Boston. She could not tell us even that without giggling, and it reminded me of our senior years, when we had to tell oral themes.

The greatest surprise of all, though, Natalie, was Olga. She is so fat that you would hardly know her, and she talked for a solid hour about woman suffrage. She is what people call a rampant suffragette.

Emily, after college, tried to teach English, but found it so hard to make scholars write and speak the king's English, that she gave it up, and is now writing for magazines. She makes so much this way, that she has determined to build a bungalow on the shores of Island Pond, which

is fast becoming a residential section.

Avery told me that Elwin is an electrical engineer in a plant down south, and is making quite a success.

Campbell rose with his usual indifference and said that after the war, (you remember he served in the navy for the duration of the war,) he

had sold war pictures for a while, delivered lectures on the reconstruction of Germany, and was now recuperating from his arduous labors.

Well, Natalie, I'm through for this time. We voted to have another meeting five years from now. I certainly hope you can come, and you would enjoy it.

Lovingly,
Your Classmate.

Class of 1918

Benjamin Stevens

Nickname: Benji.

Favorite Slang: Yes, I think so.

Favorite Occupation: Making eyes at the Girlies.

Favorite Song: Who's Little Heart are you breaking now?

Ambition: To become a second Edmund Burke.

Donald Stevens

Nickname. Don.

Favorite Slang: (Editors never heard him talk.)

Favorite Occupation: Studying Physics.

Favorite Song: The Lost Cord.

Ambition: To be a Fisherman.

Virginia Stevens

Nickname: Ginger.

Favorite Slang: Oh. My Goodness.

Favorite Occupation: Washing dishes in maple sap.

Favorite Song: What do you want to Make those Eyes at me for.

Ambition: To be a Dom. Sci. teacher.

Natalie Haseltine.

Nickname: Nat.

Favorite Slang: Now see here.

Favorite occupation. Debating.

Favorite Song: I know I've got more than my share.

Ambition: To be first lady President

Howard Campbell.

Nickname. Useless.

Favorite Slang: For the love of Cookies.

Favorite Occupation: Playing Football.

Favorite Song. They go wild, simply wild over me.

Ambition.. To be Admiral of the Navy.

Henry Ford

Nickname: Lizzie.

Favorite Slang: Aw, come on.

Favorite Occupation: Going to Chorus practice each Tuesday.

Favorite Song: Huckleberry Finn

Ambition. To own a puddle jumper.



Class Day Speakers



Negative and Affirmative Debating Team

Elwin Nutt

Nickname: Nuttie.
 Favorite Slang. Never uses any:
 Favorite Occupation. Pole Vaulting.
 Favorite Song: In the good old summer time.
 Ambition: To play on the Red Sox.

Ruth Hall.

Nickname: Ruthie.
 Favorite Slang. I—O-??!
 Favorite Occupation. Doing Physics Experiments.
 Favorite Song: The girl I should have married long ago.
 Ambition. To win first Senior honor

Roy Avery.

Nickname: Roy.
 Favorite Slang. For the land's sake
 Favorite Occupation: Driving a car.
 Favorite Song: Bring the wagon, home John.
 Ambition: To become secretary of Agriculture.

Mary Brown

Nickname: May.
 Favorite Slang. Oh, Yes.
 Favorite Occupation. Walking.
 Favorite Song: Meet me at the Station dear.
 Ambition: Head office clerk.

Louise Paradise

Nickname. Squeeze.
 Favorite Slang: For Heavens Sake.
 Favorite Occupation: Flirting.
 Favorite Song: I've only one idea about the boys, and that's to love them.
 Ambition: To be a dancing teacher.

Robert Beckley.

Nickname: Bob.
 Favorite Slang: Oh, Jessie.
 Favorite Occupation: Washing dishes.
 Favorite Song. Its a long way to Londonderry. (Tipperary.)
 Ambition: Matrimony.

Esther Bean

Favorite Slang: Goodness.
 Favorite Occupation: Making eyes.
 Favorite Song: Come out of the kitchen Mary Ann.
 Ambition: To be a French teacher.

Gladys Childs.

Nickname: Glad.
 Favorite Slang: Oh, Golly.
 Favorite Occupation: Writing love letters.
 Favorite Song: Sweet Little Buttercup.
 Ambition: To be a Red Cross Nurse.

Franklin Cooper.

Nickname: Cupie.
 Favorite Slang: Very good.
 Favorite Occupation: Getting a girl.
 Favorite Song: I love the ladies.
 Ambition: To get a steady.

Zada Davidson.

Nickname: Slats.
 Favorite Slang: Why I'm shocked.
 Favorite Occupation: Basket Ball.
 Favorite Song: There's a long, long trail.
 Ambition: To write a novel.

Emily Clark.

Nickname: Em.

Favorite Slang. (censored).

Favorite Occupation: Studying.

Favorite Song: My Little Rambling
Rose.

Ambition: To go to college.

Lillian Reid.

Nickname: Lil.

Favorite Slang: For mercy sake.

Favorite Occupation: Cooking.

Favorite Song: "Dixie."

Ambition: To be a millionairess.

Olga Raitt

Favorite Slang: Is that so.

Favorite Occupation: Playing the
piano.

Favorite Song: For you a rose.

Ambition: To be a music teacher.

Bernadette Durette

Favorite Slang: Oh, I don't know.

Favorite Occupation: writing themes.

Favorite Song: She's just a wonderful girl.

Ambition: To be a famous authoress.

Robert Plummer.

Nickname: Bob.

Favorite Slang: It seems to me—

Favorite Occupation: Talking.

Favorite Song: If you can't get a
girl in the summertime you'll never
get one at all.

Ambition: To obtain glory.

Rudolph Colby.

Nickname: Red.

Favorite Slang: Shut up.

Favorite Occupation. An advertisement
for Derry Dry Goods.

Favorite Song: In the gloaming.

Ambition. Earn a lot of Money.

Don't Use Big Words

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact, comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descanting and unpremeditated expatiations have in-

telligibility and veracious vivacity without rodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidty. Shun double entenders, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang;" don't put on airs; say what you mean what you say, and don't use BIG WORDS."

A. S. '19.



Foot Ball Team



Girl's Basket Ball Team

The Crow



Caw! Caw! Caw!
Well, the last term of school is nearly over. All I hear among the students is graduation, graduation!

It seems rather strange how the boys are most always boasting of being smarter than the girls, but I noticed the honors were given to Ruth Hall, Emily Clark and Zada Davison, and I wish them the best of luck on graduation afternoon, when they will have the pleasure of speaking to us all.

What a lot of talk is going on about the track meet, which is to be held at Kingston. I especially hope that the girls will do good work as this is their first attempt but not the last I guess. It seems that no debate is to be held in the evening, and I'm very sorry, because I think the team would give them a debate well worth hearing.

Class Day! That's the most wonderful day of all. I'm sure Louise

will deliver a fine "welcome," and of course you all know that Nathalie has loads to "will" the coming classes. Poor Gladys will have to do some digging for "Initials", while Esther will have a delightful Prophecy. Canny's "Athletic Report" will not be beaten, and Avary's "Statistics" will be very promising. Without a doubt Lillian will have an excellent "Class History." But Bob's "Class Gifts" will be the exciting moment of the day.

Well, I suppose this is the last time I'll talk through the Critic this year, so I'll say good-bye for the summer. Hoping you will have heaps of good times, and when you come back to Pinkerton next year I'll be patiently awaiting to welcome you all.

Good-bye Seniors! I hate to see you go, for you have been a very thoughtful and studious class setting a fine example for the remaining classes??

However don't forget your old friend the Caw! Caw! Caw!

L. F. '19

Seeing Stars

Have you ever seen stars? I don't mean when you fall down, but at night when you look up into the sky. Too many people think the stars are only little twinkling lights; and they wish on the first one they see saying.

"Star light, star bright,
First star I see to night,
Wish I may, wish I might,
Get the wish I wish to night."

But stars are not mystic signs at all. They are suns, nearly all of them are larger than our sun, and of various colors. Some are reddish white, others are blue, yellow or greenish white. Each has its own course, which it follows year after year.

Early in the winter my sister and I began to study astronomy. We knew only the commonest constellations, the Big Dipper, Orion's belt, and the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters. With the help of some books and star-charts, we found it was very easy to identify all of the plainest constellations. First of all we found the entire picture of Orion, who is known as a mighty hunter, striking at Taurus, the Bull. As soon as we were familiar with Orion, we found the Bull, and the two dogs. The principal star in Taurus is Aldebaran, his glowing red eye. The two dogs are known in the book as Canis Major and Canis Minor. The former is Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, and the latter's name is Procyon.

The next constellation which we learned was the sickle. That was easily placed by tracing a W eastward from Betelgeuse (Orion's right shoulder), down to Sirius, up to Procyon, down again to a small reddish star, Alphord, which is afterward called the lone star, and up to a bright white star, Regulus. Regulus is in the handle of the sickle, which will seem as plain as day, and you will wonder why you never saw it before. From the Dipper you can find the little Dipper, the Dragon, Arcturus and Spica.

The best time to look for constellations is soon after sunset, when the stars are beginning to appear. At that time only the brightest are visible and one is not confused by a myriad of little ones. There are about twelve winter constellations which are not difficult to find.

After having become fairly well acquainted with the winter constellations, we wanted to begin on those which are visible in the summer. Accordingly, we figured out from the charts, at what time the various summer stars would rise, and then set the alarm clock, to go star-gazing, at two o'clock in the morning. Both of us were especially anxious to find Vega. Four nights we got up at two o'clock and on each time it was either snowing or cloudy but on the fifth we were more than repaid for our trouble. The night was clear and every star shone like a

point of fire, With charts and a lantern, we went up to the attic, and took off the scuttle. Our roof afforded a glorious opportunity for observing the stars. First we reviewed the names of all those which we knew, then looked to find Vega, a sparkling bluish-white star. The constellation Lyra contains a perfect triangle, and parallelogram. We also found Altair, the Northern Crown, and Antares of the Scorpion, that same night, or rather morning, for then it was three o'clock. Soon after we went back to bed, congratulating ourselves on our discoveries.

Just now three planets, Mars, Venus, and Jupiter are visible. If you will go out some evening just after sunset, and look toward the east, you will see a bright red star, glowing in the sky like a lighted coal. That is the planet Mars. Venus, a beautiful pale yellow planet, is now the morning star, and she

adorns the eastern sky until just a few minutes before sunrise. Jupiter has been shining all winter between Aldebaran and the Pleiades. He is a yellow star and the brightest in the sky, which partly accounts, perhaps, for the ludicrous mistake my sister made one evening, when we were first beginning to study astronomy. She glanced out of the window and cried.

"Oh, come and see Jupiter, just over the hill!"

By the time I reached her the star was approaching at terrific speed. Fortunately it was not Jupiter, but the headlight of the electric car which passes our house.

Now, whenever I go out on a clear night, and look up at the stars, whether it is Cassiopeia, Capella, or Andromache that I notice first, I am as glad to see them all as if they were so many friends.

Theme was written in April.

"Stella" '19.

Y. M. C. A.

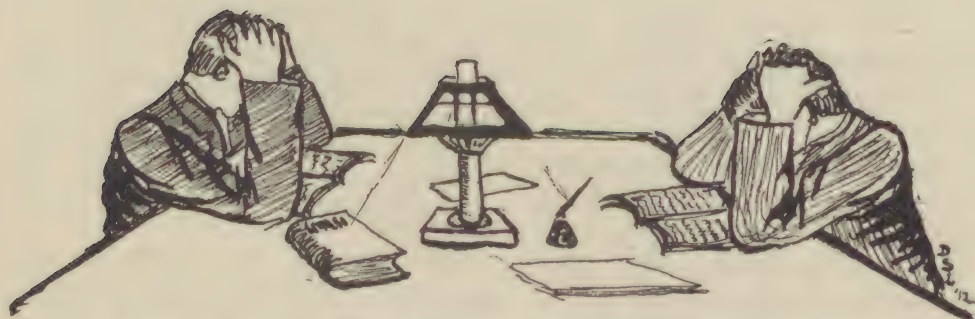
When our Y. M. C. A. started Jan. 11, 1918, many observers and critics declared it would never be successful. We started with only a dozen, and now we are only shy one of having forty. When such an increase in membership is shown it certainly must be successful. The officers are Howard Campbell, '18, President; Ephraim Martin, '19, Vice-President;

Fletcher Watson, '19, Secretary Harold Blake, '21, Treasurer.

We hope that in the coming year we will have every boy in the school as a member. There is no better organization in the country and no larger, and none which is founded on better principles, a boy's religion Spirit, Mind and Body.

E. M. '19

GRINDS



A. C. '18 to A. H. '19, have a heart,
A. H. '19, I can't, somebody's got
mine.

Miss Plumer, Lab. What is the
velocity of sound?

A. H. '19, "Oh, Gee, it travels like
time."

A. B. '20, giving a book to Miss
M, on "How to feed a family." Here's
something you need." Miss M. laid
it down, and B. D. '18 picked it up,
read it carefully, and remarked very
earnestly, "Why Mr. Reynolds should
have that,

Mr. Reynolds giving advice in His-
tory, "Every man should travel be-
fore he gets married, because after

his marriage it taxes his———"

H. F., '18—"His pocketbook."

A. O'N. '21 in French—I, I'l ota
resolument sa veste, puis son gilet.
He took off resolutely his waist coat,
then his jacket.

Miss F. No! he took off his jacket
then his waistcoat. Men generally
take off their coats first then their
waist coats."

C. C. '21, getting up to debate in
Jr. Phil. "Mr. President, Honorable
judges, My most unworthy oppo-
nents, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Mr. H. Eng. II. "Don't forget to
bring the Dickens tomorrow."

M. H. "How is the word "but" used?"

E. P. '20. A connection.

Miss M. Clark. "We will go down the "Long, Long Trail" just once this morning."

Some famous brainy sophomore enlightened the class thusly. "Take 133 from a thousand and you have what is left."

Ambitions

To get in good with the ladies, L. B. '19.

To get out a good Critic, H.W.'19.

To be a preacher, A. H. '19.

To be a Sammie, E. M. '19.

To rave on forever. D. S. '19.

The Pinkerton Academy Music Roll.

"The Darling of them all. M. R. '19.

"Water on the brain," R.R. '19.

"Votes for Women." N. H. '18.

"We are going to have a great Blow Out—Physic's Lab.

"I like the ladies." F. W. '19.

"Just because we could not agree," Hep.

"My kingdom for a man." A.S. '19.

Look out. Bob B. '18, that grizzly mustache and beard look threatening but remember safety razors are still manufactured and some people will carry them.

Roy P. Avery '18 is entitled to the record as the great American school boy traveler.

For four years with scarcely a days absence, Avery has driven his little pony to school. Our statis-

tical experts have figured out that Avery has travelled over 10,600 miles for his four years education at Pinkerton.

M. A. '19 wants to know why she shouldn't let a grammar school fellow wear her class pin if she wants to?

Did you know that Potassium, iodide and sulphur, under slight pressure, give an exceedingly interesting result, as follows:

$KI \times 2S$ —KISS

The experiment is dangerous, as the above result may not be accomplished, and instead, the reaction be very violent. Therefore, this experiment should only be attempted in the absence of light, and when few (usually two) are present.

Mr. H. Eng. III. "Girls are kind to animals, and pet them."

J. W. '19, "That's why we pet the boys."

I wonder if "Hep" thinks that he runs philomathean? And if Evans runs Physics.?

Beckley makes his first perfect transcription in shorthand. Miss Manley, continuing the dictation. "Get your family doctor."—

Bergeron, in Typewriting—"This is a funny machine—keeps right on writing when you get to the end."

Wouldn't it look a little better if E. G. '19, V. J. '19, and M. M. '19 stood up when America is being sung in chapel?

I wonder—If Cumpy is really married, or is it only a rumor.

How Cube likes the girl from Beverly."

Why A. G. '20 looks so down cast, now days?

If Don thinks a "Stitch in time saves nine."

If Jo is going to be a dress-maker?

If Winnie's new wrist watch is immensely proportioned to the person who gave it to her?

You may recognize a Senior,

By the way he walks;

One can tell a Sophomore,

By his wavy locks;

You may tell a Junior,

By the way he talks;

One couldn't mistake a Freshie,

From the Way he "gawks."—

Ex.

"Shall I brain him?" cried the Senoir.

And the victim's courage fled.

"No, you cannot, he's a Freshman,

So just hit him on the head."

—Ex.

He met her in the meadow,

As the sun was sinking low,

They strolled along together

In the twilight after-glow,

She waited for him patiently,

While he lowered all the bars,

With her brown eyes fixed upon him

As radiant as the stars,

But she did not smile or thank him,

Because she knew not how,

For he was but a farmer lad

And she-a Jersey cow!

Stones for each year

Freshman—Emerald.

Sophomore—Blarney.

Junior—Grindstone.

Senior—Tombstone. —Ex.

"What hapens when you plant kisses?"

"I'll be the goat. What?"

"Two lips come up." —Ex.

Daughter, (indignantly)—"Father, Why didn't you tell me the porch swing was painted? George and I sat down out there and he got all paint.—Ex.

Addressing a political gathering the other day, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic.

"I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with." —Ex.

"I hear he kissed her in public."

"Well, did you ever."

"No."—Ex.

The young man played for hearts

The maid for Diamonds played

Father came down with a club

And the sexton used a spade.—Ex.

She—"Did you hear the chimney swallow?"

Embarrassed youth—"That wasn't the chimney, Louise, That was I."

Erchanges

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges, which have proven to be both interesting and helpful to us. As this is our last

issue before vacation we will bid good-bye to all our exchanges with the wish that we may see them again with the opening of school.

The Vermont Pioneer, Vermont State School of Agriculture, Randolph, Vt.

The Record Monthly, Wheeling H. S., Wheeling, W. Va.

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

The Argus, Gardner H. S. Gardner, Mass.

The Oceanic, Junior-Senior H. S. Old Orchard, Me.

The Bugle, Allen Military School, West Newton, Mass.

The Brewster, Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

The Clarion, West Hartford H. S., West Hartford, Conn.

The Forester, Dallas H. S. Dallas, Texas.

The Record, Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt.

The Pioneer, Reading H. S. Reading, Mass.

The Folio, Jordan H. S., Lewiston, Me.

The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

The New Hampshire, N. H. State College, Durham, N. H.

The Middlebury Campus, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

The Polytechnic, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

The Tu-Endie-Wei, Point Pleasant,

West Va.

The Sassamon, Natick H. S., Natick, Mass.

The Anselmian, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.

Rail Splitter, Lincoln H. S., Lincoln, Illinois.

The Graphic, Amherst H. S. Amherst, Mass.

The Echo, Winthrop H. S., Winthrop, Mass.

The E. L. H. S. Oracle, Edward Little H. S., Auburn, Me.

The Dome, Berkshire School, Sheffield, Mass.

The Erisophian, Waxahachie H. S., Waxahachie, Texas.

Tsienneto Camp Fire

The Tsienneto Camp Fire society was organized November 1, 1917, Miss Flewelling is the guardian; Beatrice Campbell the secretary; and Martha Chase treasurer.

Before we received our charter we went for a hike over to Beaver Lake. We built a fire between some stones and had our supper.

We had several ceremonial meetings and business meetings.

In January, the Camp Fire Girls gave a social at Pinkerton.

This spring the girls went May-flowering and gathered several large boquets which they gave to invalids or old people who could not get out of doors.

M. H. B. '20.

THE OBSERVANT READER.

The Vermont Pioneer. A well arranged paper.

The Tripod: Your locals are a credit to your paper.

The Oceanic: Your paper could be improved by better drawings.

The Clarion: Your literary department is excellent.

The Forester: You have a splendid paper which shows a marked school spirit.

The Record: 'Senior Camouflage' is a good idea, but where are your exchanges?

The Pioneer: Your stories are exceptionally good in the March number.

The Folio: The poems, "Our Patriots" and "A Tribute," in a recent number are worthy of much praise.

The Megaphone: The list of enlisted men from your school is something to be proud of. The letters from those in the service are very entertaining.

The Sassamon: Your class notes are well arranged.

The Rail Splitter: The snapshots are simply great and add a whole lot to your paper.

The Graphic: "On the Hymn of Hate" in the April issue, was extra good. Why not a few more personals.

The Echo: Your cover design is very appropriate.

The Dome: Don't you think your paper might be made more interesting?

The Argus: The best yet in the line of literary work. I. R.

Necrology

Note. The following list has been prepared by Mr. Poor secretary of the Alumni Association and covers the period since the last reunion, March 17, 1917.

Hingham, Mass., Feb. 24., Alvah C. Harvey, husband of Agnes Bartlett, '92.

Newburyport, Mass., Mar. 28, Warren W. Pillsbury, '67.

Jefferson, Mass., Apr. 6. Mildred Ames, '11.

Henniker, May 12, Orpah Clark Eastman, '57.

Derry, July 14, Joseph W. White '77.

Lawrence, Mass., July 20, Oscar F. Low, '16.

Pembroke, August 5, Melissa M. Roberts, '16.

Lancaster, Mass., Ellen Webster Quincy, '57.

Boston, Mass., Charlotte Kendall, wife of Arthur F. Campbell, '91.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 11, Marianna Moar Goodwin, '58.

Manchester, Sept. '16, Guy A. Glidden, husband of Alice C. Learnard, '84.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 24, Franklin S. McKenney, '63.

Derry, Sept. 12, Charles S. Pettee, husband of Lizzie Folsom, '72.

Melrose, Mass., Oct. 16, George Brickett, '56.

Hugo, Col., William A. Hill, '55.

Derry, Nov. 1, Helen S. Brown, wife of Eugene Eaton, '92.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 6, Edward L. Currier, '56.

Litchfield, Nov. 22, John P. Newell (Prin. '63-64), (Pres. of Trustees '02-18).

Windham, Dec. 17, William S. Harris, '79.

1918

Manchester, Jan. 2, John H. Parmerton, '69.

Manchester, Jan. 12, Nathan Fitts, '61.

Franklin, Jan. 22, George Taylor, '58.

Derry, Feb. 3, Abby Morse Morse, '74.

Londonderry, Feb. 11, Hattie Mullins Boyd, '75.

Derry, Feb. 15, George W. Bingham, (Prin. '85-11), (Prin Emeritus '11-18.)

Somerville, Mass., Feb. 25, J. Warren Bailey, '65.

Lewiston, Me., Feb. 17, Jonathan Y. Stanton, (Prin. '62-64.)

Newport, R. I., Feb. 19, Harriett Dinsmore Allen, '66.

Londonderry, Feb. 20, Daniel G. Annis, '66.

Derry, Feb. 21, Jesse Chase, husband of Lucy Emma Coolidge, '64.

Haverhill, Mass., Carl E. Smith, '17

Derry, Apr. 13, Evelyn Sanborn, wife of Leonard H. Pillsbury, '58.

Litchfield, Apr. 23, Matthew W. Campbell, husband of Mary J. S. Anderson. '68.

Malden, Mass., Apr. 29, Catherine Cheever Barrett, '56.

Portland, Me., May 6, Emma Goodhue Ford, '75.

Samoset Chocolates

"Chief of them all"

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5 West Broadway.

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Dry and Fancy

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Straw Hats and if you wish to
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Clothing buy one of our **Suits**

C. H. Clement

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den and Lawn
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all our P. A. friends to inspect our New
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O PINKERTON, WE HAIL THEE

O Pinkerton, we hail thee, Facing the eastern light;
We'll strive for thee and praise thee--For the red
and for the white. Fair is the sky above thee
High are the circling hills; Lovely the valleys 'neath
thee, Joyous with mura'ring rills.

Cho. - O Pinkerton, we hail thee, Facing the eastern
light; We'll strive for thee and praise thee--For the
red and for the white.

O Pinkerton, thy beauty Rests not in outward arts;
But in the cherished duty - of loyal, faithful hearts.
Now we will lift thy standard, Forth to the combat go;
Firm hearted, pressing forward Conquering every foe.

Cho.

O Pinkerton, our heart's shrine Shelters the red and the
white; Pledge we to lift thine ensign - For truth and
for the right. May nothing base and baneful Darken its
radiant hem; May no dishonor shameful Stain its fair
name to men.

Cho

O Pinkerton, we'll cherish - Thy blessed name al - ways
Ne'er shall thy glory perish, Hail Pinkerton for aye!
Forth from thy halls we wander, Forth into toll and
strife; Thy lessons wise we'll ponder Thy counsels gird
our life.

Cho

P. A. CLASS OF 1919

One of the pleasant events of Pinkerton Academy Commencement week, was the reunion of the class of 1919. This reunion was held on Saturday afternoon at Hildreth Hall. At the graduation 10 years ago there were 37 members. All of these 37 were living the day the reunion was held, and of the number 17 were present to enjoy the pleasures of the happy occasion.

After the exchange of greetings and a pleasant social hour a nice banquet was spread by Mrs. Minnie Pillsbury, of the Hall, and all partook of the splendid things she served her guests. Mr. and Mrs. Horne and Miss Sylvia Clarke were the guests of the class at the reunion, and Mr. Horne and Miss Clark made interesting remarks.

The reports were read by the treasurer, Mrs. Leona Fullonton Harris, and the secretary, Miss Marjorie Wallace. The class voted to hold the next reunion five years hence, in 1934. The following were elected to make arrangements for the affair: Miss Florence Flewelling, the class adviser, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Evans, Mrs. Ruth Clark, Mrs. Lucy Parmenter, and Myron Robie.

The officers of class 1919 are, President Ephraim Martin; secretary, Marjorie Wallace, and treasurer, Mrs. Leona Fullonton Harris.

Including the members, the husbands and wives and the guests, there were 29 at the banquet table.

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